

## The Prairie Light Review

---

Volume 26

Number 1 *So-called immortal moments*

Article 72

---

Fall 12-1-2005

# What the moon found

Jason Snart

*College of DuPage*

Follow this and additional works at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr>

---

### Recommended Citation

Snart, Jason (2005) "What the moon found," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 26 : No. 1 , Article 72.

Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol26/iss1/72>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact [koteles@cod.edu](mailto:koteles@cod.edu).

# What the moon found

Snart: What the moon found

Jason Snart

*I see the moon,  
and the moon sees me,  
the moon sees someone,  
I want to see.*

- Grandmother's nursery rhyme

The moon begins its bold agreement  
with the water in the lake; the waves  
will take dictation, washing up  
in a telegram's code: CONGRATULATIONS  
DAD YOU'RE BOTH TERRIFIC LOVE...  
Saskatoon to Levittown, PA. From  
the moon's palette of reflected sun:  
gilding wheat and the edge of a heron's wing,  
settling with a master's finishing touch.

This while you author irregular spikes  
on the EKG, and you offer your heart to the echo-  
cardiogram. Your skin has been opened.  
But you receive lilies whose rims are darkening  
with tears. And you are in pain: is it  
weight or waiting, has your time come? No  
wonder you wanted first a watch,  
and then proper slippers. For

travelling?

The railroad tracks course  
through town and mark the prairie  
like a draftsman's pencil; teaching a lesson  
in perspective and the fated pursuit  
of horizon, recessing into space and time,  
with the constant pretence at closure.

The train whistle comes through your apartment  
window on summer air; jazz up from the one-  
speaker radio, and water boils in the kettle, the clock  
sweeps away eleven p.m.- its prophetic, ineluctable  
mechanism - and counting. The moon is pinned

above the sharp roof of the church.  
Photo albums are in the corners and closets,  
stacked as though the artist has painted  
one masterwork on another. And I peeled through each layer  
with their conservationist markings:

*July 67, Christmas with kids*

The rooms  
cave in from the weight of your absence. The air  
is stifled and breathless and milk sours  
in the fridge. I opened windows, pulled back  
the curtains. Night fell  
in.

Between my city and yours there are likely rail-lines,  
but they are complex, unimaginable,  
an arrangement as delicate  
and over-wrought as your heart  
with its arteries, arterioles, and spur lines.

But I can see the moon, even  
unpoetic; a chalk mark pushed  
into the sky. And you must imagine this same moon,  
imagine its faintness, its artlessness,  
its inevitable

ascension and carving of the night.  
Imagine five men pitching horseshoes  
to its light.